# The Lamentation of Mr. *Pages* Wife of *Plimouth*:

Who being forced to wed againſt her will, did conſent to his Murther, for the love of *George Strangwidge*, for which fact they ſuffered death at *Barnſtable* in *Devonſhire*.

The Tune is, *Fortune my Foe*.

VNhappy ſhe, whom Fortune hath forlorn,
Deſpis'd of grace, that proffered grace did ſcorn,
My lawleſs lode, hath luckleſs wrought my woe,
My diſcontent, content did overthrow.

My loathed life too late I do lament,
My woful deeds in heart I do repent:
A Wife I was that wilful went awry,
And for that fault am here prepar'd to dye.

In bloomy years my Fathers greedy mind,
Againſt my will a match for me did find:
Great wealth there was, yea, gold and ſilver ſtore,
But yet my heart had choſen one before.

Mine eyes diſlikt my Fathers liking quite,
My heart did loath my Parents fond delight:
My greedy mind, and fancy told to me,
That with his age my Youth could not agree.

On knees I crav'd they would not me conſtrain,
With tears I cry'd their purpoſe to reſtrain,
With ſighs and ſobs I did them often move,
I might not wed whereas I could not love.

But all in vain my ſpeeches ſtill I ſpent,
My Mothers will my wiſhes did prevent,
Though wealthy Page poſſeſt my outward part,
George Strangwidge ſtill was lodged in my heart.

I wedded was and wrapped all in woe,
Great diſcontent within my heart did grow:
I loath'd to live, yet liv'd in deadly ſtrife,
Becauſe perforce I was made Pages Wife.

My choſen eyes could not his ſight abide,
My tender Youth did loath his aged ſide,
Scant could I taſt the meat whereon I fed,
My legs did loath to lodge within his bed.

Could knew I none, I ſhould deſpiſe him ſo,
That ſuch diſdain within my heart did grow,
Make only this, that fancy did me move,
And told me ſtill George Strangwide was my love.

But here began my bowerful and decay,
In mind I mus'd to make him ſtrait away,
I that became his diſcontented wife,
Contented was he ſhould be rid of life.

Well could I wiſh that Page enjoy'd his life,
So that he had ſome other to his wife:
But never could I wiſh of low or high,
A longer life then ſee ſweet Strangwidge die.

O woe is me that had no greater grace,
To ſtay till he had run out Natures race,
My deed I rue, but more I do repent,
That to the ſame my Stranwidge gave conſent.

You Parents fond, that greedy minded be,
And ſeek to graft upon the golden tree,
Conſider well, and rightful judges be,
And give your doom, 'twixt Parents, love, and me,

I was their child, and bound for to obey,
Yet not to love where I no love could lay:
I married was in muck and ſubtle ſtrife,
But faith before had made me Strangwidge wife.

O wretched world whom cankered ruſt doth blind,
And curſed men who bear a greedy mind:
And hapleſſe I, whom Parents did force ſo,
To end my days in ſorrow, ſhame, and woe.

You Devonſhire Dames, & courteous Cornwallty,
That are here come to diſſt woful wights,
Regard my grief, and mark my woful end,
But to your Children be a better friend.

And thou my dear, which for my fault muſt die,
Be not afraid the ſting of death to try:
Like as we liv'd and lov'd together true,
So both at once let's bid the world adieu.

Ulalia thy friend doth take her laſt farewel,
Whoſe ſoul with thine in heaven doth ever dwell:
Sweet Saviour Chriſt do thou my ſoul receive,
The world I do with all my heart forgive.

And Parents now whoſe greedy minds do ſhow,
Your hearts deſire and inward heady woe,
Mourn you no more, for now my heart doth tell,
E're day be done my ſoul ſhall be full well.

And Plimouth proud I bid thee now farewel,
Take heed you Wives, let not your hands rebel,
And farewel life wherein ſuch ſorrow ſhows,
And welcome death that doth my corps incloſe.

And now ſweet Lord forgive me my miſdeeds,
Repentance cryes for ſoul that inward bleeds,
My ſoul and body I commend to thee,
That with thy blood from death redeemed me.

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# The Lamentation of *George Strangwidge*, who for the consenting to the death of Mr. *Page* of *Plimouth*, suffered death at *Barnstable*.

THe man that sighs and sorrows for his sin,
The corps which care and woe hath wrapped in,
In doleful sort records her swanlike Song,
That waits for death and loaths to live so long.

O Glansfield cause of my committed crime,
So wed in wealth, as birds in bush of lime:
What cause hadst thou to bear such wicked spight,
Against my love and eke my hearts delight?

I would to God thy wisdom had been more,
Or that I had not entred in thy door,
Or that thou hadst a kinder father been
Unto thy Child, whose Years are but green.

The match unmeet which thou for me didst make,
When aged Page thy daughter home did take,
Well mayst thou rue with tears that cannot dry,
Which is the cause that four of us must die.

Ulalia more brighter then the Summers Sun,
Whose beauty hath for ever my love won,
My soul more sobs to think of thy disgrace,
Then to behold my own untimely race.

The deed late done in heart I do repent,
But that I lov'd I cannot yet relent:
Thy seemly sight was ever sweet to me,
O Would God my death could thy excuser be.

It was for me alas, thou didst the same,
On me by right they ought to lay the blame:
My worthiesse love hath brought thy life to scorn,
And woe is me that ever I was born.

Farewel my love, whose Royal heart was seen,
I would thou hadst not half so constant been:
Farewel my love, the pride of Plimouth town,
Farewel the Flower, whose beauty is cut down.

For twenty Years great was the cost I know,
Thy unkind father did on thee bestow:
Yet afterwards so sower did fortune lower,
He left his joy and child within an hour.

My wrong and woe to God I do commit,
O Who was the cause of matching them unfit,
And yet my guilt I cannot so excuse
O He gave consent his life for to abuse.

O Wretch that I am, that my consent did give,
Then I peep'd Ulalia still should live:
Witch fancy said, do not this suffer long,
Like them in bliss, as alls in sorrow sit.

# The Complaint of Mr. [illegible] for causing her Husband to be murthered. [illegible] love of *Strangwidge*, who were executed [illegible] gether.

IF ever woe did touch a womans heart,
Or grief did gall for sin the outward part,
My conscience then, and heavy heart within
Can witnesse well the sorrow for my sin.

When Years were young my father forc'd me [illegible]
Against my will where fancy was not fed:
I was content their pleasure to obey,
Although my heart was linkt another way.

Great were the gifts they proffered in my sight,
With wealth they thought to win me to delight,
But gold and gifts could not my mind remove,
For I was link'd whereas I could not love.

Methought his sight was loathsom to my eye,
My heart did grudge against him in secret,
This discontent did cause my deadly strife,
And with this wealth did cause a grievous life.

My constant love was on Young Strangwidge set,
And woe to him that did our welfare let:
His love so deep a root in me did make,
I would have gone a begging for his sake.

O Wronged he was though sund'ries of gain,
O Wronged he was, even though my Parents pain,
If faith and troth a perfect pledge might be,
I had been wife unto no man but he.

Eternal God forgive my fathers deed,
And Grant all Maidens may take better heed,
If I had been but constant to my friend,
I had not mateht to make so bad an end.

But wanting Grace I sought mine own decay,
And was the cause to make my friend away,
And he on whom my earthly joys do lye,
Through my amisse a shameful death must die.

Farewel sweet George, always my loving [illegible]
Needs must I laud and love thee to the end,
And albeit that Page paidst thy due,
In sight of God thou wast my husband true.

My watry eyes unto the Heavens I lift,
Craving of Christ his mercy to extend
My bloody deed on me O Lord forgive,
And let my soul within thy Kingdom live.

Farewel false World, and friends that false do [illegible]
All wives farewel, example take by me,
Let not the Devil to murder you intice,
Watch as it creeps such foul and fatal vice.

And now O Christ to thee I pray for [illegible]